"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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THE DRAFTED FRIENDS FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

YOU have probably heard of the five Friends from North Carolina, who were drafted for the confederate army, and for a long period detained in it, viz.: Thomas Hinshaw, aged 32, Jacob Hinshaw, his brother, aged 29, and Cyrus and Nathan Barker, also brothers, aged respectively 22 and 20 years, members of Holly Spring Monthly Meeting, in Guildford county, North Carolina. William B. Hockett, aged 36, is a member of Centre Monthly Meeting, Randolph county, N.C.

The first four were forcibly taken from their homes the latter part of the tenth month, 1862, and detained in the rebel army until the battle of Gettysburg, in the seventh month, 1863. William B. Hockett was taken in the sixth month, 1863, and remained with the army nearly one month, when he was taken prisoner by the Union troops, shortly before the battle of Gettysburg, and sent to Fort Delaware nearly two weeks earlier than the others. He was in a different division of the rebel army from them, and they did not know of his being taken from home until they met him, as a fellow prisoner, in Fort Delaware.

Thomas Hinshaw was taken at his home by an armed guard, early in the morning, and notwithstanding the entreaty of his wife, who was preparing breakfast, was hurried away to the military camp, with scarcely any opportunity to prepare for his absence, or to take leave of his family. Jacob Hinshaw was taken from his bed in the night, and carried off in the same hasty and unfeeling manner; as were also Cyrus and Nathan Barker, who lived with their aged parents.

On reaching the camp, they were directed by an officer to procure conveyances to take them to Ashborough, a distance of fifteen miles, where the conscripts were to assemble. Believing war to be wholly inconsistent with christianity, and feeling a conscientious objection to doing anything which would seem like countenancing it, or aiding in any military proceedings, they informed the officer that they felt themselves prisoners, brought there and held against their will, and that they could not procure means for their own constrained transportation.

The officer behaved with moderation, and permitted them to go home that night, under care of the guard. On reaching Ashborough next day, they were required to give bonds for their appearance there again on the 4th of eleventh month, or to be sent to jail. The Friends felt unwilling to enter into bonds, and the guard were told they must conduct them to prison. This they were very unwilling to do, saying they could not bear to take them to jail, and urged Friends to comply with the officer's demand—some of the guard offering to be bound for them—which the Friends could not consent to. They felt restrained by an inward principle from running away, or leaving their position without leave, and they knew, moreover, that the guard, who appeared friendly, would be held responsible for them.

They were permitted to go home, on their promise to appear at a specified time, and remained there until the 3rd of the eleventh month, when they again had to endure the close trial of parting with their beloved families and friends, and leaving them in much affliction, with an uncertainty when, or whether ever, they should again meet. One of them, in writing of this sorrowful parting, says:

"I hope and trust we left them in the care and keeping of a merciful Father, who is able to bear us all up through our many trials and besetments in the journey through this wilderness world, and I believe, if we put our whole trust in Him, is willing to lead us safely to the haven of rest."

On the morning of the 4th, they arrived at Ashborough, where they were joined by above seventy conscripts, two of whom had a right of membership among Friends, and were sent on to Raleigh. Here the two persons just mentioned were discharged, one on account of feeble health, and the other on his promise to pay 500 dollars, the sum proscribed by the confederate conscription law to be paid by those drafted, as a commutation for military service. The four Friends thinking it not right to pay anything for avoiding what they believed to be evil, chose rather to suffer what might be permitted to come upon them, and rely upon the Prince of peace for protection and support through the trying scenes which awaited them.

Their journey from Weldon, N.C., to the rebel camp, French, near Blackwater, in Virginia, was a trying one. The conscripts were packed into cars so closely that they had no room to sit down, or to rest their weary bodies, only as they leaned on each other's knees; and were kept in this condition, without water to drink, and only the little food they carried about them, for nearly twenty four hours.

Being sent to the 52nd Regiment of North Carolina troops, commanded by Colonel James K. Marshall, they were directed to choose what company in it they would be mustered with. They replied that they were brought there by constraint, against their will, and that their religious principles would not allow them to engage in any service in the army, or to choose any company to be attached to. They were then required to pay the commutation money provided for in the law, the officers telling them it should only be applied for civil purposes as the ordinary taxes were, and not to the use of the army. But they replied that they considered war to be wrong, and did not think it right to pay anything for exemption from taking part in it on conscientious grounds.

At times, the fact that some members of the Society, who had been drafted, had paid the commutation money, was thrown up to them by officers, with unpleasant reflections on them for their refusal to do the same, which added greatly to their distress and trouble.

Colonel Marshall, finding he could not induce them to comply in any way, at length directed Captain James Kincaid to take them into his company. He proved to be very friendly to them, and though his men were all strangers to our Friends, they were soon so won upon by a quiet and consistent example, that they generally treated them with more kindness than could have been anticipated. The first lieutenant treated them harshly, and demanded why they did not draw knapsacks, &c., from the government stores, observing that he did not see how they would carry guns, with their bundles. They told him they had no use for guns, and did not expect to carry any, as they had a testimony against all fighting. They reasoned their case pretty closely with him, showing by many passages from the holy scriptures, that they were only standing up for what they believed to be the true christian principles. Unable to elude the force of their quotations, he resorted to the weak and foolish allegation, that the scriptures were translated by men who did not understand the languages in which they were written, and that they gave them such meaning as suited their own purposes. But the incorrectness of this assertion was too palpable to be sustained. He then said there was a way to force men to do what they did not want to, and left them, evidently much disconcerted, and did not afterward renew the argument.

Next day he ordered them to help to clear off a piece of ground for a new encampment, which they declined doing, calmly giving their reasons for the refusal. He became excited, and ordered his men to get their guns and bayonets, and compel obedience, saying they should help. The soldiers appeared unwilling to do so—some saying they had no bayonets, and others, that their guns were not there, &c. He very sharply ordered guns to be brought, and told two soldiers to press on the Friends severely with their bayonets, if they

would not go and help without. The men, however, were not disposed to injure them; and though obliged to obey orders, did not hurt the Friends very much. Captain Kincaid saw what was doing, and taking the lieutenant aside forbad the use of any further force, and told the Friends they might remain quiet where they were. Of this trying occasion, one of them writes:

"Our dependence for protection was in that Power which is higher than man; and we desired that our heavenly Father, whom we had been endeavouring to serve, might preserve us through the many trials which might yet beset us; which he has been pleased to do in a remarkable manner, unworthy as I feel of the least of his favours."

After this a Friend from a neighbouring meeting in Virginia, coming to see them, asked permission to take them to his house, and the lieutenant above-mentioned, was now so moderate and softened in his feelings, that he went to the colonel to obtain leave for them to go. This was granted, and gave them an opportunity at different times to visit several Friends about Blackwater, and also to attend a Meeting for Worship, which was a great satisfaction to them in this time of trouble.

They were tried with offers of bounty money, clothing and other government stores, and also with serving as wagoners, cooks, or waiting on the sick in the hospitals; none of which they thought it right to accept or to do, and the captain would not allow them to be forced; the lieutenant, also, appearing more kindly disposed. But the colonel now seemed more earnest to have them do something, and said they should go into service. They calmly reasoned with him, but he did not appear disposed to argue, and ordering his men to make three of them go and load fodder, designed for the use of the army, he mounted his horse and rode away. The soldiers tried to compel them to aid in loading the fodder, threatening them with hanging, drowning, and being shot; and some were ordered to run their bayonets through them. Some seemed rough and angry, as if they would do them harm, but Friends keeping quiet and steady, they were not much hurt. After a great deal of unavailing threatening, the soldiers tied them to the tail of a wagon, and drove them through mud and water about three miles to where the fodder was. Here they were again called on to help to load it, but on their refusal, no further attempt at force was made. They kept them tied to the wagon until their return to camp, when they were released. The wagon master, who at first seemed fierce, afterwards said he respected men who kept to their religious principles; and being asked if he was not afraid the Friends would run away, replied, "No—I wish they would" —doubtless wishing to be clear of men whose consistent course made them a burdensome stone.

After this, though often sharply threatened, no attempt at coercion was used, and they were merely required to keep along with the army, between the regiment and the rear guard, but not to march in the ranks. Their food was often small in quantity, and very bad in kind, so as to be scarcely edible, and they were exposed to all kinds of weather during a long winter: but the most trying of all, was to be obliged to witness so much profanity and wickedness for so long a period, and with little prospect of relief. The before-mentioned writer says of their situation, "It was trying to bear, though we held up pretty well under it all, having a hope of better days, and trusting to the Lord for help."

In the first month, 1863, the regiment moved from the Blackwater, in Virginia, and soon after quartered at Goldsbro', in North Carolina. While here they obtained a furlough of fifteen days to visit their families. General Pettigrew endorsed his approval on the back of the written order, stating as one reason for granting them leave of absence, that "they were of no manner of use in the army," and General Hill said, "they were not worth a straw to the army;" both of which spoke well for the steadiness of their refusal to countenance war in any way.

On the 28th of the second month, 1863, they had a joyful meeting with their wives and children, and other relations and friends, though the thought of again having to part so soon was some drawback. Feelings of natural affection strongly pleaded for remaining at home,

and paying the 500 dollars fine, which they had the means to do; but a sense of religious duty to their Divine Master silenced these reasonings, and on the 12th of the third month they again endured the close trial of parting with all that was most dear to them, and returned to camp.

The regiment changed its position frequently, which occasioned much fatigue and labour; and as the harvest in Carolina was near, a petition, numerously signed, was forwarded by their relatives and friends to the officers of the army, asking permission for their return home long enough to gather their crops for the subsistence of their families, but it was not allowed.

The army remained a few days near Fredericksburg, allowing our Friends an opportunity of witnessing the horrible scenes still exhibited on the battle-field, and the fearful effects of war. From this scene of desolation and destruction they had a painful and wearisome walk of some hundreds of miles, often through mud and water, to Gettysburg, in Pennsylvania, where they arrived about the 1st of the seventh month.

A fight between the Union and rebel armies occurred soon after, but the Friends were not required to go to the field. On the last day of the fight, however, orders came to the camp where they were, for every one who was able to walk, to repair at once to the battle-ground, to fill up the ranks, which were greatly thinned by the numbers who had fallen. The colonel, lieutenant-colonel, major, sergeant-major, and all the captains of the regiment, had been either killed or wounded.

Our Friends were soon arrested for not going, and taken before an officer, to whom they explained the ground of religious scruple on which they stood, and though he told them to go and join their regiment, yet he intimated to the guard that they need not force them to do so. Respecting this trying season, one of the Friends writes: "We desired not to go to the battle-field, though expecting we should have to; and I think we all felt that the Lord was the only one to look to for protection in this trying time. We tried to be reconciled to our lot and to the will of the Almighty, and were favoured beyond our expectation, for which we have much cause for thankfulness."

The lieutenant who had formerly been so harsh toward them, having come into command of the regiment, now met with them, and said, he knew they could not fight, but he thought they would have to go to the regiment, which was then in line of battle, adding that he could not blame them much for not fighting: that they might go just where they pleased, so far as he was concerned; and if they went to the field they could lie down there, and it might be, would not get hurt. Pausing a little, he said a part of the men were wounded, and that the Friends might go to the hospital and stay with them until the fight was over; and he would go with them; the distance being about a mile and a half. On reaching the hospital they found the wounded men had been removed, and he told the Friends they might follow them.

In attempting to do so, they were stopped and taken before the provost marshal, who said they must get a written pass from the officers. They returned to the camp they had left in the morning, weary and soaked with rain, and it being near dark determined to remain there. In a little while word came that the regiment was gone, and already a mile or two ahead of the camp. Those who remained in it, were afraid they should be left behind, and hurried away very quickly; and before the Friends could prepare to follow, were out of sight, the night being very dark and rainy. After rolling up their blankets, &c., they set out, but the mud was deep, and walking very laborious, and not being able to overtake or to hear anything of the retreating force, they sat down under a fence and rested. In the morning there were no signs of the regiment, nor could they ascertain which way it had gone. They went to a house where the people were very kind, and employed them in harvest work. While there they were taken prisoners by the Union cavalry, sent to Harrisburg, and thence to Philadelphia and Fort Delaware, where they arrived on the 15th of the seventh month.

Information being received in Philadelphia that these Friends were prisoners at Fort Deleware, the Meeting for sufferings convened and appointed a committee

to take immediate measures for their release. Application to the government being necessary, some of the Committee went to Washington and presented the case, when Secretary Stanton kindly and promptly dispatched a telegram to the commander of the fort, directing their release on taking an affirmation of allegiance to the United States. This they were quite willing to do, being entirely loyal in their feelings toward the Union.—*Friend.*

THE ICELANDER'S REVERENCE OF THE DEITY.

There is probably no part of our globe, certainly no part now occupied by civilized man, where the natural phenomena, presented continually to the eye, are better calculated to lead the mind to God, and create an abiding feeling of his power and presence, than Iceland. This place of wonders seems to stand nearer the verge of eternity than any other. It is true—a consoling truth, that from all parts of this world the way to heaven is equally direct and short; yet it would almost seem as if, morally considered, this formed an exception. The musings to which Icelandic scenery naturally give birth, appear closely allied to those large conceptions of the divine majesty which usually fill the mind of a dying man. The transition from time to eternity, the exchange of the littleness of earthly things, for the overwhelming sublimities of the state which awaits us after death, every one feels must be very great. Do not many fear that it will be so great as to give a rude and painful shock to their utmost spirits, so frail and unprepared? But habituated to divine and heavenly converse, it is equally apparent that the mind is thereby fitted to experience the transition with more calmness and self-possession, supposing, as is usually the case, that this contemplation of the Godhead and his attributes has led the soul in the appointed way, to seek his 'peace.' Such a habit of mind, the features of the country we now speak of, are eminently calculated to originate and foster, and their tendency we learn from eye witnesses, has in this respect become effect. Combined with and aiding a spiritual religion, they have contributed to make their predominant character one of "unsuspecting frankness, pious contentment combined with a strength of intellect and acuteness of mind seldom to be met with in other parts of the world." They are cheerful without levity or folly; conscientious without gloom and moroseness;—just what we could expect of a people surrounded by such influences and who have yielded themselves to their plastic power.

But our object is to state a single fact for the sake of the moral which it affords. Dr. Henderson tells us, in his journal of his residence in Iceland, that on a certain occasion he set out upon a journey, "accompanied by the clergyman, his son, and one of his servants, who accompanied us," says he, "a few miles on our way. Immediatlely on setting out, we all took off our hats for the space of five minutes, and implored the Divine mercy and protection. This laudable and impressive custom is universally practised, in such parts of Iceland as remain uncontaminated by the example of those foreigners who live without God, in the world. Before crossing, and after crossing a river, the genuine Icelander also moves his hat, in token of the sense he entertains of his dependence on the Supreme Being; and the fishermen, when they put to sea, after they have rowed the boat into quiet water, at a short distance from the shore, take off their hats and send up a prayer, committing themselves to the protection of God, and soliciting his blessing on their labour."

The use we would make of this is, to suggest the example as entirely worthy in its *spirit*, of the imitation of all Christian men; and then to recommend it as a touchstone to the consciences of those, who, in defiance of the command to "remember and keep holy the sabbath day," are seen journeying when they ought to be at rest. We would barely ask such an one, when setting out on a Lord's day morning, to put it to himself whether he would not feel some awkwardness in following this primitive and simple custom, and whether his awkwardness would not arise chiefly from this—the incongruity of his prayer and practice.

A MINISTER'S DREAM.

For once in my life I had got into a low mood. I felt discouraged and disheartened. The fire of youth was still upon me, and all the vigor of manhood was mine. I thought I had laboured faithfully and done my utmost, my best, and I said with feelings that never can be described, "I have laboured in vain, and spent my strength for nought." I saw my flock, my little flock, were disheartened, and they wished for a change; and so did I. At two different places I had preached as a candidate for their pulpit, and failed to secure a call. My people, I thought, were wearying of me; my tender wife, and my little children were looking up to me for bread; my congregation could do nothing better for me than they had done, and this was insufficient for our comfort, and there were no signs of a change for my social improvement or my mental peace. The old Rector of the parish church had been very kind, and noticed my children, and had sent in out of his abundant means, at times, a little gift. This had extracted a little of my earlier asperity, and made me more lenient toward the trinitarian church. He had talked to me, at times, about the gladness he would experience when I had seen into my errors, and could take a pastorate over some parish church, to which, when that day came he would rejoice to help me. He was a good old man, and seemed to have made up his mind to snatch a "brand from the burning." All this flattered me. Still I shook my head at his prophecy. It was on one of those evenings, after I heard that the pulpit at———was filled, though I had been more than half assured the call would be given to me; yes, it was that very night, disappointed, low-spirited, and almost hopeless, I fell asleep and dreamed.

Like all dreams, its passages were quick as thought, and its scenery a curious conglomeration of dead and living witnesses on the stage at one time. I felt myself a candidate for holy orders in the Established Church. The old Rector seemed before my eye, and his face beamed with happiness. I felt a deep and solemn impression that a crisis in my life had come. There were promises of preferment before my mind. The comforts and honours of a church clergyman. Still I was discomposed, afraid, unquiet, and anxious. I was waiting ordination, and could not tell where I was, so outlandish did my dream appear. The chime of bells, the peals of an organ, the chants of choristers, and the procession of priests, were all mixed together to my eye and ear. I felt unhappy. I wished to flee, I knew not whither. My father and mother, though long dead, appeared present, and yet I knew they had passed away years before, but there they were at this ceremonial. Peace to their memories, they were truly unitarian, deeply pious, and bravely good. They kissed me and blessed me a dying, and told me to be faithful to the end of life to the great principles of gospel religion, whatever I might be called upon to suffer. They were now present, with other old friends I had buried in hope. They looked upon me, so I thought, with a scowl. I dared not to look at them. I saw in the midst of my confusion a person coming up to me, and who said, in a loud tone, "I trust you have utterly renounced all your former views, and now regard them as *damnable* heresies." I could not speak, so he walked away. Another spoke to me in a more kindly tone, and said, "I would now see how sublime a composition was the creed of St. Athanasius, and that no one could really be saved who did not unfeignedly believe it." I felt quite unprepared for this, and was dumb. One after another came up to me and spoke about some point of doctrine which completely staggered me. The doctrines appeared to be pointed at my old friends and parents standing over against me. I was asked to sign that it was my conviction they were all hopelessly lost, and all who were not of this Church faith were in the same deplorable condition. I ventured to look into the faces of my parents, and they appeared pale as I had seen them in death, and I trembled and felt myself falling, falling, and to my unspeakable pleasure, I awoke. Never since that night, in all my poverty, in all my want of success, has the thought of renouncing the unpopular faith crossed my mind. And more than once have I been enabled

to strengthen the weak by my experience. I have heard ministers of our churches complain of the smallness of their salaries, and the fewness of their friends, and then I recorded my experience and my dream, and asked, can any earthly compensation, can any number of listeners, can any number of co-worshippers or emoluments, compensate for the simplicity of our ritual, the scripturalness of our doctrine, and the expansive charity of our faith and hope. The Church says, "Let him be accursed that assumes a man is saved by sincerity to his views:" we have no articles of faith that curse men: we sign no creed that damns a dissident or apportions hell to our honest forerunners. We confine not the mercy of God to those who see eye to eye with us; we judge no man; we condemn no man; we are free to speak our minds, and our people delight to hear the utterances of reason and of charity. I ask the dissatisfied and the unprosperous if any amount of earthly patronage can be compared with this liberty we possess? We share no royal favours 'tis true, nor do we clank any slave chains. The honours of the establishment are not open to us, nor the disgrace of a perjured conscience. Comfortable parsonages and tithes come not to our lot, nor the curse of the poor who are occasionally robbed to sustain such state. The balance is so greatly in our favour, there ought to be no repining at our prospects, no sighing for the loaves and fishes of the state, without we prefer the perishable honours of this world to the immortal glory of the future.

THERE IS TIME ENOUGH.

This is one of the most mischievous sentences in the English Language. Not that it is bad in itself,—for it is true, as we intend to show presently. But its meaning is sadly perverted, and what is meant for good, becomes the occasion of evil.

Many a good thing might have been done had it been begun in season, but because there was time enough, it was let alone, and let alone, and so not started till too late, or never moved at all.

But there is such a thing as bringing good out of evil. The bee extracts honey as sweet, if not as abundant, from the thistle, as from the rose. And he who would profit by studying human nature, and watching divine providence, may learn wisdom from his past errors, and turn even misfortune, to good account.

The wisest man of ancient days, (and we believe he was fully as wise as people commonly are at present)—the wisest man of ancient days, has given us to understand that there is a time for every thing under the sun. A time for laughter and for tears, for sorrow and for joy. A time for business, a time for recreation, and a time for rest, but does not say a word about leisure time, or time for idleness. He speaks too, of a time to die, leaving us to infer, as we may very naturally, that He, who made the sun to rule the day, the moon and the stars to govern the night, has given us time enough, just time enough, and none to spare, to perform all our duties, and enjoy every rational pleasure—to make the world better for our having lived in it—and to become better fitted ourselves for "another and a better world."

There is time enough, says the schoolboy,—but his time runs out, and he goes half fitted to the counting room, or enters half fitted, at college.

Time enough, thinks many a young man, if he does not say so, to commence habits of frugality and economy, and thus provide for future wealth—but the time never, never comes—and he, to use a homely phrase, "scratches a poor man's head as long as he lives."

How many designs have we formed, of doing this and that good thing, which fell through, not because we had little time—but because we had time enough, and so wasted one hour after another till the time had passed.

Time enough to work, says the idler and spendthrift—but his clothes wear out before he finds time to earn new ones—and his pockets are emptied, and he has no time to replenish them.

Franklin has a homely saying to this effect,—that he who loses an hour in the morning, must run all day, and 'tis a wonder if he overtakes his business before night. So, if any one finds himself pinched for time, it is likely he has thrown away an hour, when he thought he had time enough and a little to spare.

Time enough—say we, when in a serious mood, we resolve to be more diligent, more systematic, more punctual—when we resolve upon any reform.

We do not mean to procrastinate—but while we muse the moment passes, it is irrecoverably lost.

Do you say, we knew all this before.

No doubt of it. Yet we are apt to think there is not only time enough, but some to spare. But this is an error, and should be corrected.

The different length of different lives is nothing against our position, that life is just long enough. The oldest person has enough of duty and enough of pleasure too, if he lives aright, to occupy his threescore years and ten—while he whose sun goes down at noon, has time enough, if he will but improve it, to make his life here a blessing to others, and that hereafter, glorious to himself.

———"That life alone is long,
Which answers life's great end."

EVENING BEFORE WEDDING.

"I WILL tell you," continued her aunt to Louise, "two things, which I have fully proved. The first will go far toward preventing the possibility of any discord after marriage; the second is the best and surest preservative of feminine charms."

"Tell me!" said Louise, anxiously.

"The first is this: demand of your bridegoom, as soon as the marriage ceremony is over, a solemn vow, and promise also yourself, never even in jest, to dispute, or express any disagreement. I tell you never!—for what begins in mere bantering, will lead to serious earnest. Avoid expresssing any irritation at one another's words. Mutual forbearance is one great secret of domestic happiness. If you have erred, confess it freely, even if confession cost you some tears. Farther, promise faithfully and solemnly, *never*, upon any pretext or excuse, to have any secrets or concealments from each other; but to keep your private affairs from father, mother. brother, sister, relations, and the world, *Let them be known only to each other, and to your God.* Remember that *any* third person admitted into your confidence, becomes a party to stand between you. They will naturally side with one or the other. Promise to avoid this, and renew the vow upon every temptation. It will preserve that perfect confidence, that union, which shall indeed make you as one."

Louise kissed, fervently, the hand of her aunt, and said: "I see it all. Where there is not this implicit confidence, the pair remain, even after their marriage, as strangers. They cannot understand each other; and without mutual confidence, there can be no real happiness. And now, what is the best means of preserving female beauty?"

Her aunt smilingly answered: "We cannot conceal from ourselves that we love and admire what is beautiful, more than what is not; but what peculiarly pleases, what we really call beautiful, is not hair or complexion, form or colour. These may please in a picture or a statue; but in life, it is *the mind*, the soul, which displays itself in every look and word, and charms alike in joy or sorrow. This, too, is expected from, and alone renders worthy of love, a beautiful exterior. We find a vicious man hateful and disgusting, even if polished and elegant in manners and appearance. A young female, who would retain the love and admiration of her husband, after the charms of person which attracted him have vanished, must keep bright and in constant play, the graces of the mind, the virtues of the soul. Wisdom and prudence do not always increase with years, while faults and passions generally do. Virtue, however, cannot change. It is the same throughout eternity; unalterable, like its divine author. If, therefore, you would preserve your union inviolate and happy upon earth, and be reunited to the beloved ones in heaven, 'keep your heart with all diligence;' so shall you retain that spiritual beauty, that more perfect loveliness, which your husband will love and admire, long after the cheek has faded, and the form lost its symmetry. I am not a hypocritical devotee, nor an old woman, dead to all the pleasures and enjoyments of life. I enter into the pleasures and feelings of the world; but I say to you, there is no other security for enduring happiness."

Louise threw her arms round the neck of her aunt, and kissed her tenderly.

THE "QUIVER" AND UNITARIANISM.

We have already shown that the first ground of objection to Unitarianism in the "*Quiver*" is our want of success,—"the argument of numbers." We do marvel that any intelligent person in the present state of society, should reason so, when paganism, for numbers, predominates over christianity, and catholicism over protestantism, and indifferentists to all religion outnumbers the zealously affected everywhere. There are men who can shut their eyes to all those facts, and decide great questions by majorities, a tribunal from which Christ and all religious reformers have continually been compelled to appeal. We may say as Archbishop Tillotson says, in reply to this argument in his sermon, "Vindicating Protestantism." Being twitted by the small number of protestants, he replies, "As if the truths of a religion were to be estimated and carried by the major vote; which, as it can be an argument to none but fools, so I dare say, no honest and wise man ever made use of it for a solid proof of the truth and goodness of any church or religion. If multitude be an argument that men are in the right, in vain then hath the scriptures said, 'thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil;' for if the argument be of any force, the greater number never go wrong."

We have another reply to make to the "*Quiver*," and it is this, that thoroughly trinitarian christians are in a vast minority compared with the number of those who are purely unitarian in their belief, so says the "*Press*," a very orthodox and conservative journal indeed. These are the words of the "*Press*," "The religious body to which we commonly refer, when we speak of Unitarians, is not probably very influential in England. But those who are practically and essentially Unitarians constitute a large class, perhaps if we take Unitarianism in this extended sense, it is among the most influential creeds of the day. For among Unitarians ought really to be reckoned all those who without much study of theology, have no formal creed, yet retain a strong sense of moral order, a strong belief in God's righteous government. All these are practically Unitarians, and we suspect that even among *good men* at the present day, this class might be found to outnumber the more advanced Christians. And from this class, during the last century and a half, a large proportion of the eminent and energetic men of Christendom have sprung." We could easily add proof to proof that the "*Quiver's*" argument of numbers is like the arrow that returned from the height to which it was aimed, and inflicted a deadly wound upon the head of the foolish marksman.

The two characters in the "*Quiver*" having finished their talk about the number of Unitarians, begin about the Trinity. Owen asks whether the doctrine itself is not self-contradictory, and therefore incapable of belief. Then White begins to talk about a number of things that appear self-contradictory, such as Owen in the grave, and Owen in paradise at the same time; and fire, light, and heat, in the candle at the same time. The question of Owen is the question that upsets the doctrine of the Trinity. For it is impossible for us to believe in a Son as old as his Father, or that two different things can be the same thing at the same time. We say it is impossible to be true that the Father only is God, as Christ said, and yet at the same time true, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God. Now Trinitarianism affirms that the Father is Almighty God, the Son is Almighty God, and the Holy Ghost is Almighty God. Here are three distinct Almighties, for it affirms the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are distinct persons, each Almighty; then turns upon you and says, they are not three, but one Almighty. As well might any one affirm there are *three* distinct eternities. This is impossible, for all our ideas of duration oppose it. One eternity embraces all duration. And we add, one Almighty God, not three, is the doctrine of nature, the bible, and reason. White throws a heap of dust in the eyes of Owen on this question, and then goes off to the revelation of God, found in the Jewish Scriptures, to strengthen his doctrine of the Trinity, and tells Owen a few untruths about the Jews believing this doctrine, which we will now expose. When men take up false views and attempt to defend them, they

fall into confusion till nothing but falsehood can cover their retreat; a poor refuge and short-lived expediency is this refuge of lies. Yes, this author of those articles against Unitarianism, tells us the Jews believed in the doctrine of the Trinity, and that Plato had picked up his notions of a Trinity from the Jews. He might as well have told us that Pythagoras had picked up his astronomy, Hervey his theory of the circulation of the blood, or Stephenson his railway schemes from among the Jews. The Jews have always been the most determined enemies and stumbling-blocks to the spread of this doctrine. The writer of the "*Quiver*" articles must have read some secret history that controverts all we know of the Jews, and their theology; nor does he tell us the name of that book which lets him in to that secret. *Bishop Beveridge* more truly said on this matter, "The Jews, though they had the law above three thousand, and the prophets above two thousand years amongst them, yet to this day they *could* NEVER MAKE this an article of faith; but they as well as the Mahometans, still assert that God is only one in person, as well as nature." And to this testimony we might add the witness of many great names of divines, authors, historians, bishops, and archbishops of the church. Speaking of the theology of the Jews from which some persons had attempted to derive some support for the plurality of persons in the Godhead, *Archbishop Lawrence* says, "Indeed, if the argument has any force at all, it is calculated to prove more than its advocates wish, for it goes to demonstrate that the Jews believed in *ten*, not in *three* personal emanations of the Deity." And farther on in the same dissertation, he truly remarks, that anything found in the Cabbalistical Theology approaching plurality, was derived from the predominating philosophies of the east, not from the scriptures. We award the "*Quiver*" the honour of another worthless arrow in defence of the Trinity from the testimony of the Jews, a doctrine repudiated by every Jew.

The conversation goes on between WHITE and OWEN on the old Testament proof of the Trinity, and OWEN seems to be overcome by the force of WHITE'S arguments. They seem to find the Trinity in every passage, verily in those texts that distinctly affirm God is "*one*," they read, God is "*three*." A few plural pronouns applied to God are made to overbalance the thousands of singular pronouns. WHITE commenced this controversy by going in for *majorities*, they determined everything; now he goes for *minorities*, as they suit his case. Set *six* against *six thousand*, and they will show the relation of plural pronouns. The word *Elohim*, a Hebrew word for God, because of its plural termination, *im*, is construed to an argument by WHITE for the Trinity. The Jews knew nothing of this interpretation, it was an old Roman Catholic priest, some years ago, discovered this new argument, but scholarly men have ever since repudiated it. Calvin says, touching this and the plural pronouns: "I warn my readers against *violent* interpretations of this kind." We did expect something better from the "*Quiver*" than these proofs. If in the present age of warfare, a band of the ancient archers, with their quivers full of arrows, were to present themselves before a battery of Armstrong guns, they would be scattered, like chaff before the wind. They would be nowhere in war, and nothing for the cause they sought to sustain. The thorough searching criticism of the present age by divines of the Trinitarian church, whose interest it is sustain the Trinity, demolish all those arguments, utterly overthrow and scatter the proofs found in the "*Quiver*." They are weak and pointless arrows. WHITE relies upon texts where the repetition of the word, holy, holy, holy, occurs; and such proofs as these. He ignores all those texts in which God is called the HOLY ONE, the lofty one, the mighty one, &c. We begin to marvel that men do not see the weakness of their cause, and throw it up, rather than trust to such special pleading as this. We once heard a Mormon preacher say, that the bible foretold the advent of Joseph Smith. His proof text was, "The heavens shall drop down their fatness." This fatness he interpreted to mean Mr. Smith. We heard another of those preachers say that the New Testament taught the christian propriety of polygamy. His proof text was, "That those who forsook

father, mother, or wife for Christ's sake, should have a hundred-fold in this world." It is a lamentable thing that no better way than this is known by many teachers and preachers of religion, and WHITE seems to belong to this class who seek to pervert every passage, and twist every text into a service for which every reasonable man would say it was never intended.

On this plain text, Deuteronomy vi., 4., "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord," WHITE says that Simeon-ben-Joachi writes: "Come and see the *mystery* of the word Elohim,—there are three degrees, and each degree is by itself, alone; and yet they are all one, and are joined together in one, and are not divided from each other." This is another mysterious intimation of the Trinity. But why do we need those mysterious hints if the doctrine is a clear revelation. It is nowhere clearly revealed, but everywhere opposed by the bible. When this text is read over in the synagogue, *Dr. A. Clarke* says, the whole congregation repeat the last words as a protest against christians finding any such doctrine as the Trinity in the bible. For several minutes they repeat it. Does this not suffice to show the Jewish interpretation. WHITE might as well have told OWEN that the Jews were very fond of pork, and they eat it daily, as that they had any sympathy with such a doctrine. So far this is the way the "*Quiver*" assails Unitarianism, by the assertion of the most palpable falsehoods, concluding: "The Unitarians have often tried to fraternise with the Jews; but the Jews reject any fellowship with them." So then we learn by this they do not reject fellowship with the Trinitarians.

Under this section of the argument we have but to add, WHITE leans on a tissue of falsehoods touching the Jews, their views, and their preferences. The Rev. M. Raphall, Jew, late of the Synagogue, at Birmingham, has truly said on the ONENESS of God, "Every system which does not admit this, meets with a flat contradiction in the Bible, the divine inspiration of which, admitted by all believers in revelation, cannot be better proved than by the direct and pointed manner in which it refutes every departure from this truth."

REPENTANCE.

A CERTAIN farmer, reared with his own hands, a row of noble fruit trees. To his joy they produced their first fruit.

And the son of his neighbour, a bad boy, came into the garden, and enticed the young son of the farmer, and they went and robbed the trees of their fruit.

When the owner of the garden came and saw the bare trees, he was very much grieved, and cried, "Alas! why has this been done? Some wicked boys have destroyed my joy."

This language touched the heart of the farmer's son, and he went to his companion and said: "Ah, my father is grieved at the deed we have committed. I have no longer any peace in my mind. My father will love me no more, but chastise me in his anger as I deserve."

But the other answered, "You fool, your father knows nothing about it, and will never hear of it. You must carefully conceal it from him."

And when Gathold, for this was the name of the boy, came home and saw the smiling countenance of his father he could not return his smile. For he thought, how can I appear cheerful in the presence of him whom I have grieved? I cannot look at myself. It seems as if there was a dark shade in my heart.

Now the father approached his children and handed every one some of the fruit of Autumn, Gathold as well as the others. And the children jumped about delighted, and ate, but Gathold wept bitterly.

Then the father began, saying, "My son, why do you weep?"

And Gathold answered, "Oh! I am not worthy to be called your son. I can no longer bear to appear to you otherwise than what I am, and know myself to be. Dear father, manifest no more kindness to me in future, but chastise me, that I may dare to approach you again, and cease to be my own tormentor. Let me severely atone for my offence, for behold, I have robbed the young trees!"

Then the father extended his hand, pressed him to his heart, and said, "I forgive you, my child! God grant that this may be the last, as well as the first time, that you will have any action to conceal. Then I will not be sorry for the trees."

DR. BAYLEE'S ATTACK ON UNITARIANISM.

THE Rev. Dr. Baylee has been going up and down the country lecturing on his notions of religion; and, like such lecturers, making both foolish and false statements against Unitarianism. The Rev. John Robertson, of Halstead, very properly replied in the public papers to one of those escapades in his neighbourhood, the substance of which we have transferred to our pages.

Dr. Baylee is reported to have said, that "The Unitarians who were neither Christians nor good Philosophers had made two translations of the Bible, but had got ashamed of them, and given them up." Now this statement may be dealt with as a matter of fact, and as a matter of opinion. I. As a matter of fact, the Unitarians have not made two Translations of the Bible; consequently they could not be ashamed of them. Members of the Unitarian Church have translated parts of the Bible, and the whole of the New Testament from Griesbach's text, has been translated several times; but members of the Church of England and orthodox Nonconformist denominations have done the same thing. The Unitarian Association completed about the end of last year the publication of "The Holy Scriptures of the Old Covenant, in a Revised Translation," and so far from being ashamed of the work, the Association is proud of it, and making considerable efforts to circulate it. The work is thus referred to in Longman's notes on books, December 18th, 1862. "The authors of this Revised Translation of the Old Testament have corrected the Hebrew text, where the labours of Kennicott and his successors have shown it to be inaccurate. In respect to the revision of the translation while they have endeavoured everywhere to present a faithful and intelligible rendering, they have adhered as closely as possible to the style and idiom of the authorised version, which two centuries and a half have rendered sacred to the religious mind of England." The same notice also has the following remarks on the authorised translation. "The unlearned reader is obliged to rely implicitly on the authorised version, the imperfection of which has long been acknowledged by Biblical scholars, both within the Established Church, and beyond its pale." The Unitarian Association has spent a large sum of money on this Revised Translation of the Old Testament, and put forth what will probably ere long, be regarded by men of all parties as the most accurate copy of the Jewish Scriptures ever published in English. There is surely nothing to be ashamed of in all this. Nay, one would have thought that Dr. Baylee, who finds such a glaring inaccuracy in the second verse of our authorised version, as the rendering of what in the original means in *ruins* by the words without form and void, would have hailed with delight any attempt to give a more accurate version of the Bible in English. II. As a matter of opinion, Dr. Baylee may believe that the Unitarians are neither Christians nor good Philosophers. I have met Roman Catholics who said the same of all Protestants. But it was neither to discuss the Christianity, nor the Philosophy of the Unitarians, that an audience was invited to the Town Hall; and the Dr. by going out of his way to insult a large number of his fellow-men, was certainly not giving a very good proof of his own Christianity. Fortunately, however, Dr. Baylee is not infallible; and as a set off against his intolerance, let me quote the opinions of a few men whose names may have some weight with your readers.

"I never attempted either to encourage or discourage his (The Duke of Grafton's) profession of Unitarian principles: for I was happy to see a person of his rank professing, with intelligence, and with sincerity, Christian principles. If any one thinks that an Unitarian is not a Christian, I plainly say, without being myself a Unitarian, that I think otherwise."—*Bishop Watson.*

"I shall ever think and ever speak of Mr. Wakefield (the Unitarian) as a very profound scholar, as a most honest man, and as a Christian who united knowledge with zeal, piety with benevolence, and the deep simplicity of a child, with the fortitude of a martyr."—*Dr. Samuel Parr.*

"An Unitarian, as such, is a Christian; that is, if a man follows Christ's law, and believes his words according to his conscientious sense of their meaning, he is a Christian; and though I may think he understands Christ's words amiss, yet that is a question of interpretation, and no more."—*Dr. Thomas Arnold.*

"When I look at the reception, by the Unitarians, both of the Old and New Testament, I cannot for my part, strongly as I dislike their theology, deny to those who acknowledge the basis of divine fact the name of Christian."—*Bishop Hampden.*

"When misguided men, of more zeal than knowledge, would thus distinguish the Unitarian from the Christian, whom, I will ask, do we fondly cite as our highest authorities, when we are engaged in defending our religion against its infidel adversaries? In arguing with these upon the evidences, how often have we said, what better would you have than that which satisfied the greatest masters of science, the great luminaries of law? Who was ever a better judge of legal evidence than Hale; of moral evidence than Locke; of mathematical and physical evidence than Newton."—*Lord Brougham.*

I could easily multiply these quotations, but it would be useless. The men whose names are appended to the quotations I have given, are, to to say the least that can be said, as good judges of who were entitled to be called Christians and good Philosophers as Dr. Baylee. But it is not the custom of Unitarians to let their title to the Christian name rest on the authority of a few great men. They go, in the true Protestant spirit, to the Scriptures, and read and judge for themselves. There is no test of discipleship to Jesus laid down by the master himself, that Unitarians are not ready to accept in the very

words of Jesus. There is considerable difference between the theology of Dr. Baylee, and that of the Unitarians, it is true; but it is a singular fact, that while the Unitarian cannot find a more fitting vehicle for the expression of his theology than the words of Scripture, Dr. Baylee cannot even expres his theology in Scriptural terms, but must have recourse to creeds that were drawn up long after the beautiful simplicity of the Christian religion was obscured by Jewish and Pagan superstitions. Dr. Baylee was puzzled because a chemist could not define a unity to him; but the Unitarians are quite content with the Scriptural definition of God's unity, "Hear, O Israel; the Lord, our God, is one Lord."—Deuteronomy vi., 4. This was the revelation made to the Jews, and it was confirmed by Jesus, Mark xii., 29. Christ addressing his Father uses these remarkable words, "This is life eternal that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."—John xvii., 3. St. Paul says, "But to us there is but one God the Father." Passages of this kind might be quoted in hundreds, but it is hardly worth while, as what I have quoted are enough to prove my statement. The Unitarian believes in One all Righteous and all Holy Being, who is of all things perfect cause and perfect providence, and the Father and the Friend of man, and after the example set by Our Lord himself, he prays to that Being, as "Our Father which art in Heaven." Dr. Baylee laid some stress on the fact, that the Jews bore testimony to the genuineness and authenticity of the Old Testament; he might have gone a step further, and showed that the Jews through all the changing generations they have held the Old Testament, have never been able to find the doctrine of the Trinity taught in it. And it is a suggestive fact, that though the first preaching of the Apostles raised up many controversies, the record of which may be found in the New Testament, no trace of any controversy about the Trinity is to be found till many, many years after the death of St. Paul. The same differences of opinion regarding the nature of inspiration, and the authority of the Bible, exist in the Unitarian Church, as may be found in the Church of England and most Non-Conformist Churches, but so far as I know, the Unitarian Church is the only one that can express its theology in the very words of the Bible. The Unitarians are content to accept Christianity as it comes to them from the life of its Divine founder, and it is reflected from the pages of the New Testament. They read such passages as "By their fruits shall ye know them. Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; but he that doeth the will of my father which is in Heaven," and their hearts respond to a test of discipleship so righteous and so pure. They read that it was the doer of the word whose house was founded on the rock, and in the magnificent description of the last judgment, given in the xxv. chapter of Matthew, they rejoice to know that it was those who fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and lived in the love of God, and the love of man, who were received into the heavenly felicity.

THE BENEFIT OF EXERCISE,

IN PREFERENCE TO MEDICINE, IN CHRONIC DISEASES, ILLUSTRATED BY AN ALLEGORY.

In the island of Ceylon, in the Indian Ocean, a number of invalids were assembled together, who were afflicted with most of the chronic diseases to which the human body is subject. In the midst of them sat several venerable figures, who amused them with encomiums upon some medicines, which they assured them would afford infallible relief in all cases. One boasted of an elixir—another of powder, brought from America—a third, of a medicine invented and prepared in Germany—all of which, they said, were certain antidotes to the gout—a fourth, cried up a nostrum for the vapors—a fifth, drops for the gravel—a sixth, a balsam prepared from honey, as a sovereign remedy for a consumption—a seventh, a pill for cutaneous eruptions—while an eighth cried down the whole, and extolled a mineral water, which lay a few miles from the place where they were assembled. The credulous multitude partook eagerly of these medicines, but without any relief of their respective complaints. Several of those who made use of the antidotes to the gout, were hurried suddenly out of the world. Some said their medicines were adulterated—others, that the doctors had mistaken their disorders—while most of them agreed, that they were much worse than ever. While they were all, with one accord, giving vent, in this manner, to the transports of disappointment and vexation, a clap of thunder was heard over their heads. Upon looking up a light was seen in the sky.

In the midst of this appeared the figure of something more than human—she was tall and comely—her skin was fair as the driven snow—a rosy hue tinged her cheeks—her hair hung loose upon her shoulders—her flowing robes disclosed a shape, which would have cast a shade upon the statue of Venus of Medicus. In her right hand she held a bough of an evergreen—in her left hand she had a scroll of parchment. She descended slowly, and stood erect upon the earth—she fixed her eyes, which sparkled with life, upon the deluded and afflicted company—there was a mixture of pity and indignation in her countenance—she stretched forth her right arm, and with a voice, which was sweeter than melody itself, she addressed them in the following language: "Ye children of men, listen for a while to the voice of instruction. You seek health where it is not to be found. The boasted specifics you have been using have no virtues. Even the persons who gave them labour under many disorders they attempt to cure. My name is Hygeia. I preside over the health of mankind. Discard all your medicines, and seek relief from temperance and exercise alone. Every thing you see is active around you. All the brute animals in nature are active in their instinctive pursuits. Inanimate nature is active too—air—fire—and water are always in motion. Unless this were the case, they would soon be unfit for the purpose for which they are designed in the economy of nature. Shun sloth—this unhinges all the

springs of life. Fly from your diseases—they will not—they cannot pursue you." Here she ended—she dropped the parchment upon the earth—a cloud received her, and she immediately ascended, and disappeared from their sight—a silence ensued, more expressive of approbation, than the loudest peals of applause.

One of them approached with reverence, to the spot where she had stood—took up the scroll and read the contents of it to his companions. It contained directions to each of them, what they should do to restore their health. They all prepared themselves to obey the advice of the heavenly vision. The gouty man broke his vial of elixir, threw his powders into the fire, and walked four or five miles every day before breakfast. The afflicted with the gravel, threw aside his drops, and began to work in his garden, or to play two or three hours every day at bowls. The hypochondriac and hysteric patients discharged their boxes of assafœtida, and took a journey on horseback to distant and opposite ends of the island. The melancholic threw aside his gloomy systems of philosophy and sent for a dancing master. The studious man shut up his folios, and sought amusement from the sports of children. The leper threw away his mercurial pills, and swam every day in the neighbouring river. The consumptive man threw his balsam out of the window and took a voyage to a distant country. After some months they returned to the place they were wont to assemble in. Joy appeared in each of their countenances. One had renewed his youth—another had recovered the use of his limbs—a third, who had been half bent for many years, now walked upright—a fourth began to sing some jovial song without being asked—a fifth could talk for hours together without being interrupted with a cough—in a word, they all enjoyed a complete recovery of their health. They joined in offering sacrifices to Hygeia. Temples were erected to her memory; and she continues to this day to be worshipped by all the inhabitants of that island.

THE PLEASURE BOAT.

To illustrate the fearfully rapid and fatal progress of him who tastes ardent spirits, from the verge to the bottom of the gulf of Intemperance, I relate what took place some twenty years ago, near the western coast of Norway. So far as my knowledge extends, it has not before appeared in print. We have all heard of that tremendous whirlpool usually called "The Maelstrom," and by sailors, "The Navel of the sea." It is but a few leagues from the western shore of the kingdom already mentioned. The water near it, is kept in the most fearful commotion. In it ships of the heaviest burden are, in an instant, shivered to atoms. The whale itself is sometimes overcome by the power of its suction, and dashed to pieces in its vortex. Its suction affects the water to a considerable distance round. And those who are so unfortunate as to come within the circle of its influence, can seldom make an effort so powerful as to escape. They are generally drawn into its funnel and perish.

On the shore, nearly opposite to this whirlpool, one fine afternoon in the month of July, a party of young ladies and gentlemen agreed to take an excursion, that evening, in a pleasure boat. They were not much accustomed to "the dangers of the sea." The young men could not ply the oars as many others. But they supposed there could be no danger. All nature seemed to smile. The sunbeam briskly played on the bosom of the ocean. Calmness had thrown its oily wand on the billow and it slept. The water presenting a smooth unruffled surface, seemed a sea of glass. The most timorous would scarcely have suspected that danger, in its most terrific form, was lurking just beneath the surface.

The evening came. The young people assembled on the beach. The mellow moonbeam would tremble for a moment, and then sleep on the calm, unagitated breast of the ocean. The pleasure boat was unmoored. The party gaily entered. The boat was moved from the shore. It was soon under way. It was rapidly propelled by those at the oars. But they discovered that it would skim gently over the bosom of the deep, when the motion produced by the oars had ceased. They allowed the boat to glide gently along. They felt no danger. All was thoughtless hilarity. The motion of the vessel in which they sailed, became gradually, but to them insensibly more rapid. They were moved by the influence of the whirlpool. Their motion was rotary. They soon came round almost to the same spot from where they had sailed.—At this critical moment, the only one in which it was possible for them to be saved, a number of persons on shore who knew their danger, discovered them and instantly gave the alarm. They entreated those in the boat to make one desperate effort, and drive it ashore if possible. When they talked of danger, the party of pleasure laughed at their fears, and passed along without making one attempt to deliver themselves from impending ruin. The boat moved on, the rapidity of its motion continually increasing, and the circle around which it was drawn by the rotary movement of the water, becoming smaller. It soon appeared a second time to those on the land. Again they manifested their anxiety for the safety of those whose danger they saw, but who, if delivered, must be delivered by their own exertions; for those on shore, even if they launched another boat and rushed into the very jaws of peril, could not save them, while they were determined to remain inactive, and be carried by the accelerated velocity of the water round this mouth of the sea, ready to swallow at once both them and their boat. They still moved along in merriment. Peals of laughter were often heard.—Sneers were the only thanks given to those who would with delight, have saved them. For a time they continued to move round in all their thoughtlessness. Presently, however, they began to hear the tremendous roar of the vortex below. It sounded like the hoarse unsteady bellowings of the all-devouring earthquake, or like the distant sea in a storm. By this time, the boat ever and anon would quiver like an aspen leaf, and then shoot like lightning through the now covered sea. Solemnity now

began to banish mirth from the countenances of those in the pleasure boat. They half suspected that danger was near. Soon they felt it. When they came again in sight of land, their cries of distress would have pierced a heart of stone.—"Oh! help for mercy's sake," was now the exclamation of despair. A thick black cloud, as if to add horror to the scene of distress, at this moment shrouded the heavens in darkness.—The oars were plied with every nerve. They snapped, and their fragments were hurried into the yawning abyss. The boat now trembling, now tossed, now whirled suddenly round, now lashed by the spray, was presently thrown with violence into jaws of death, opened wide to receive it and the immortals whom it carried.

Thus perished the pleasure boat and all who sailed in it. And thus perished thousands in the vortex of dissipation, who at first smoothly sailed around its outmost verge, who were scarcely, as they supposed, within the sphere of its influence, and who would laugh at those who could be so faithful as to warn them of their danger. We ask the young and especially young men, to lay up in the store house of their memory the account of the pleasure boat and its destruction. Let them remember and improve it when sinful pleasure beckons them to its soul-killing bower, and especially when any one offers them the cup which contains a single drop of that fiery death, spirituous liquors. It may, perhaps, save some; may it save all who read it, from a drunkard's untimely death, from filling a drunkard's grave.

THE CRIME OF GAMBLING.

Every one knows that the gain of gambling is a gain made by one man at the expense of another, who receives nothing in return for that which he is made to surrender. Then gambling as the means of an income is only a tolerated system of robbery. I say *tolerated*—I mean only by public sentiment in a certain degree: but not by the laws of our country—to its honour be it spoken.

Now it is not pretended that *every* person given to the practice of gambling makes or attempts to make it a source of income, and thus by the tricks of what he calls chance defraud his neighbour. But then it will not be denied that it is those who commence in this called innocent kind of way, that glide into the habit of gambling for gain. It was from the ranks of such we have had visited upon us this troop of gamblers, that infest the country, without any other employment. And it will not of course be considered an unreasonable apprehension that of the mere "pass time gamblers" that now are, some will in time turn out in the profession and make it their business. It needs only a little success to make the temptation to this so strong that it will not be likely to be resisted. This thing is to be viewed as a system, the tendencies of which in all cases are to regular and professed gambling. Gamers are to be viewed in the gross when we are in search of the true nature of the evil. The whole system is one; and a class of men who travel the country in the practice of gambling as their sole profession is only the legitimate fruit, or result of the endurance and patronage of gambling tables.

They have no capital invested in a way to become productive. They eat the fruits and wear the cloth of the country, and they furnish for it neither the one nor the other. They live upon the fat of the land without contributing any thing to its general wealth. And the worst of all is, they prey upon its morals. The poor can never bless them. The rich can only fear them.

The farmer from whose granary our population is fed;—the merchant from whose shelves our wants are supplied;—the mechanic who throws the products of his handy work around us;—the host ever smiling and hospitable who keeps clean and bounteous the traveller's home;—the mariner who links us in friendly and profitable intercourse with every nation on the globe; these all as such have the thanks and good wishes of us all. But what commodity—what convenience—what advantages does the gambler furnish to the world? I seem to see the whole land filled with sorrow to support this profession. The parents and friends of these men are, in many cases, of the pride of the country. To them they are lost by entrance upon a business in which their good wishes and prayers cannot follow them except for their repentance and rescue. But these are not all that suffer. These people live on the goodliness of the earth—and at whose expense?—They beguile to the gaming table the unwary son, husband and father. And to replenish their stock of spending money, they steal from aged parents their comfort, from the unsuspecting wife her dependance, and from her tender infants their patrimony. Their interest is in luring the thoughtless young men of the country into this practice that they may farm their folly for their own benefit. And then let me add (for this I hope is all that directly addresses itself to my neighbourhood) this profession is supported by the prevalence of the practice of gaming. They travel to no place where there are no gamblers. They have business there. And they know this well. Their very approach is a reproach to any village. It is only wheresoever the carcase is that the eagles will be gathered together.—Their coming is a proclamation that this is the abiding place of that class of people upon whose folly they live. Can there be gamblers any where, without encouraging that class of men who depend upon this as their only source of living?

Let every one, not dependent on gaming for his living, leave off the practice and leave these birds to prey upon one another. Their stock will soon run out, and so dire necessity will soon compel them to some lawful employment for their bread, and thus convert them into a part of the productive machinery of the world. They have been mere consumers long enough. Let us starve them into measures for the common good.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

STAGES A CENTURY AND A HALF AGO.—In the year 1672, when throughout Great Britain only six stage coaches were constantly going, a pamphlet was written by one John Cresset, of the Charter House, for their suppression, and among the many grave reasons given against their continuance, is the following :—"These stage coaches make gentlemen come to London upon every small occasion, which otherwise they would not do, but upon urgent necessity; nay, the convenience of the passage makes their wives often come up, who, rather than come such long journeys on horseback, would stay at home. Here when they have come to town, they must presently be in the mode, get fine clothes to go to plays and treats; and by these means get such a habit of idleness and love of pleasure, that they are uneasy ever after."

INGENIOUS.—The following lines have this singular property.—if read downwards in two distinct columns, they express the faith of a member of the Church of England; if read horizontally, two lines in one, they express the faith of a Roman Catholic. They are said to have been written many years ago, by a gentleman who was travelling in Ireland, and who, when interrogated about his religious profession, produced these lines, and either read them perpendicularly or horizontally, according as the company consisted of Protestants or Roman Catholics :—

The Church of Christ can't be	The Church of Albion,
The Church of Rome, I see,	Is the true Church or none,
I never can receive	What Protestants maintain
What Catholics believe	Is orthodox and plain ;
The Apostles handed down	What Papist's faith do call,
The faith held by the Crown,	Is no true faith at all ;
No superstitions vain	In Popery are seen,
'Mongst Protestants do reign,	All villany and sin,
With Romanists and others,	I ever will comply,
I'd never join in sin.	With England's Liturgy.

LANGUAGE OF ANIMALS.—The acuteness of the sheep's ear surpasses all things in nature that I know of. A ewe will distinguish her own lamb's bleat among a thousand all bleating at the same time, and making a noise a thousand times louder than the singing of psalms, at a Cameronian sacrament in the fields, where thousands are congregated—and that is no joke either. Besides, the distinguishment of voice is perfectly reciprocal between the ewe and lamb, who, amid the deafening sound, run to meet one another. There are few things have ever amused me more than a sheep-shearing, and then the sport continues the whole day. We put the flock into the fold, set out all the lambs to the hill, and then send the ewes to them as they are shorn. The moment that a lamb hears its dam's voice it rushes from the crowd to meet her, but instead of finding the rough, well-clad, comfortable mamma, which it left an hour or a few hours ago, it meets a poor, naked shriveling—a most deplorable looking creature. It wheels about, and uttering a loud, tremulous bleat of perfect despair, flies from the frightful vision. The mother's voice arrests its flight—it returns—flies, and returns again, generally for ten or a dozen times, before the reconciliation is fairly made up.—*James Hogg.*

THE WAY SECTS ARE MADE.—There is in Virginia a sect of Baptists called "Rather Brethren." Their origin is thus described by one of the Baptist papers: A few years since, one of these brethren, at a prayer-meeting, was reading the first chapter of the second Epistle of Peter. After reading the 10th verse, he stopped to make some comments. The verse reads as follows: "Wherefore, the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure," &c. In reading it he left out the comma after the word *rather*, and evidently understood the word *brethren* in the third person instead of the second; for in commenting upon it he remarked, that these *rather brethren* he supposed, were rather a superior order in the Church, especially as Paul said they were very diligent! This enlightened exposition gained him the appellation of the *rather brother*, and when he became the head of a party that broke off from the regular Baptists, all who went with him were also called the "Rather Brethren."—*Christian Witness.*

GOV. LIVINGSTON'S CREED.—"I believe the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, without any comments or human explanations but my own: for which I should doubtless be honoured with martyrdom, did I not live under a government which restrains that fiery zeal which would reduce a man's body to ashes for the illumination of his understanding."

"I believe that the word *orthodox* is a hard, equivocal, priestly term, that has caused the effusion of more blood than all the Roman emperors put together."

"I believe that to defend the Christian Religion is one thing, and to knock a man on the head for being of a different opinion, is another thing."

"I believe that he who feareth God, and worketh righteousness, will be accepted of him, though he refuse to worship any man or any order of men into the bargain."

"I believe that a man may be a good Christian though he be of no *sect* in Christendom."

"I believe that our faith, like our stomachs, may be overcharged, especially if we are prohibited to *chew* what we are commanded to *swallow*."

"I believe that the virulence of some of the clergy against my speculations, proceeds, not from their affections to Christianity—which is founded on too firm a basis to be shaken by the freest inquiry, and the Divinity of which I sincerely believe, without receiving a farthing for saying so—but from an apprehension of bringing into contempt their ridiculous claims and unreasonable pretensions, which may justly tremble at the slightest scrutiny."

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